The India Alliance

The Organ of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance in India.

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The India Alliance.

This is intended as a monthly message from the Alliance Missionaries to their friends of their work. It will also deal with the general questions of mission work by original or selected articles, and will seek to deepen the interest and stimulate the prayers of all who may read it, by showing the encouragements as well as difficulties of the work.

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UNION WITH CHRIST.

REV. R. McCHEYNE PATERSON

We are convinced that the most important thing for all who seek World-wide Revival is always to keep in living touch with Jesus Christ for He it is who “baptiseth, in the Holy Spirit” —i.e., He plunges (present continuous) us in the Spirit. Thus He alone enables us to obey the Divine Command, “Continue to be filled with the Holy Spirit.”

All Christians will admit that the fault is ours. It is we alone who are to blame when we lose contact with Christ. Why do Christians so easily lose contact with Him? Principally because their is only contact and not a vital living union with Him to begin with. When we accept Christ as our sinner and believe that He died for us on the Cross, we come in contact with Him —our past sins are forgiven. We have found the Rock of Ages eleft for us but we have only put one foot down upon Him—hence we are liable to fall! We have believed in the objective fact of Christ’s death for us, merely: we have not yet been vitally united with Him in His death—it has not yet become a subjective reality. When I accept the further fact as true, namely, that the old man in me, the self-life, died with Christ on the Cross then I put my other foot down on the Rock. Then this becomes a subjective reality; i.e., then, I am united with Christ in His death. Now this second fact of my death with Christ can be revealed to me only by the same Divine Teacher who reveals the first fact of Christ’s death for me. Yes only the Holy Spirit can open our eyes to see that we have a personal share in the death of Jesus, that He the Head of Humanity died and with Him all of the natural man (all that is of the first Adam) died also. This is the meaning of Christ’s solemn words that he who saves his life, i.e., his flesh or self, shall lose it and he who loses it shall save it unto life eternal. This is why He said, “If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.”

This important truth was fully taught by the Holy Spirit to His own people after He was outpoured at Pentecost, in such Chapters as Romans 6: 1-11; Gal. 2: 19-20; Eph. 2: 1-6; Col. 2: 20; 3: 3; 1 Peter 2: 24. This same truth is prefigured in the Old Testament, also in such passages as Psalm 16: 9-12, Hosea 6: 1, 2. To the first of these attention was directed by Peter on the day of Pentecost for was not this one of the truths about which Jesus had told them “before His death!” “I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot hear them now. Howbeit when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He shall guide you into all the truth.” May He reveal this wonderful mystery to us more clearly than ever before. Suffer me to repeat what has been said. When we first came to Jesus we believed that He had died for us. Only then did we personally enjoy any benefit from His death. There is no doubt that Christ had died for us but until we united ourselves to Him by faith and said, “Christ died for Me,” forgiveness could not be claimed by us. Now there is a deeper truth namely, that I died with Christ. But this does not benefit me until I accept it just as I accepted the other truth that Christ died for me. Yes, believe that the old man died with Christ and our old nature becomes a corpse—still with us but dead and therefore with its old power over us gone.

It is not sufficient, however, for us once to believe in this second truth and then forget all about it. No, just as we always return to the first foundation truth and draw constant comfort from the fact that Christ died for us; just as we always plead His death before the Father when we desire forgiveness; so also must we do in regard to its complementary truth—“We died with Christ.” Let us always
be returning to it: always putting down our other foot on this Rock—foundation. Let us plead this fact also, constantly before the Throne when we desire release from the power of sin. As “Christ died for me,” frees from the punishment of sin so, “I died with Christ,” frees from the power of sin.

This is what Christ means when He says, “Abide in Me and I in you.” “For if we have been grafted into the likeness of this death so shall we also share His resurrection” (Conybeare and Howson). Now we can understand why Paul inverts the order in Phil. 3: 10 and so points to the foundation stone of all his knowledge and power (nay of His power!) namely, “becoming” “conformed unto His death.” This implies not merely that once for all he believed that He died with Christ; it implies that this belief by constant remembrance of it grew stronger and stronger and took up more and more of his thoughts. He grew in the knowledge that he had died with Christ by constantly reckoning himself dead with Him, till it became to him an assured fact.

This is what we want assurance of. We all desire assurance that our sins are forgiven. Do we look for assurance also that we have died with Christ? Why not? Such an assurance is the gift of God but oh how willing He is so to open our eyes to this great fact, that we will build all our hopes for new life and power upon this truth (our death with Christ) as we build all our hopes for peace and pardon on the first truth (Christ’s death for us).

“Now if we have shared the death of Christ, we believe that we shall also share His Life.” This is the full engrafting into Christ—preceded by a complete cutting away from all else by sharing His death—and what a marvellous result flows from this engrafting!

“I am the Vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for apart from Me, ye can do nothing.”

Yes if we share in Christ’s death we also share in His resurrection—life. When we say, “I have been crucified with Christ,” we have a right further to say, “I have been raised with Christ.” Is that all? No: let us further say, “I have been seated with Christ in the heavenlies.” So that these four facts concerning our Lord and Saviour— that He died, that He was buried, that He rose again, that He is seated in the heavenlies—are not merely something outside of the Christian’s life, like historical facts. We have a share in each one of these facts. When temptation from the old nature comes—we turn our back on it for it has been crucified with Christ. When people despise us or, worse still, when they praise us, it does not touch us—we have been buried with Christ. When we feel weak and unable to work for God we look up, for we are raised with Christ, so we wait for His power and life to flow in and through us. He will use us. And when cast down, we look up and find ourselves seated in the Throne with all the sunshine of the Father’s love that He has for His Beloved Son, streaming upon us! We are where Christ is. That is our right. Have you observed the wonderful patience of the father’s love to the older brother in the parable of the prodigal son? It was when he was refusing to take his rightful place in the home (through pride and jealousy) that the father beams upon him and says, “Son, thou art ever with me and all that is mine is thine!” So the parable rightly ends away up in the glorious presence of the Father—up in the heavenlies—where His love without let or hindrance is poured out on His Son and therefore on all who are IN Him. Therefore He says, “Abide in Me.”

This new life our Lord always connects with “asking.” Why, think you? Because it is a prayer-life. Remember whose life it is.

“It is Christ IN us. His glorified life and, “He ever liveth to make intercession for us.” Christ’s glorified life is lived only that He may pray. Oh how easy, then, He makes it for us to pray without ceasing, so we cannot help living for prayer, seeing Christ’s life is in us and He is praying without ceasing! We as branches draw the sap from the Vine—Christ. That sap is life; it is prayer, or rather, it is the Spirit of Jesus who is always praying. So as naturally, quietly and easily as sap flows into the branch, so naturally and easily we will allow the Holy Spirit to pray in us and through us, in fact, “for us.” Is it a toil or is it a pleasure for the sap to flow into the branch? Why it is its very life. So now prayer will be our very life. When we share fully in Christ’s death and all that follows it we cannot help praying and praying without ceasing. We become channels through whom the Holy Spirit mounts up in prayer to the Father, just as the branch is a channel for the sap to mount upwards. The fruit of our prayers then be-
comes quite unlike all earthly fruit—it is eternal, it "abides." In Romans VIII we are plainly taught that we are mere water-courses, along which the Holy Spirit flows in prayer if we be informed, i.e., if we be what all water-courses must be—empty, deep and clear. What is this but sharing Christ's death! In this Scripture view of it, Christ is the "Author" and source of our Prayer-life. He is also its "Finisher." How beautifully this is brought out in Revelation VIII: 3. There is given to the angel much incense. This is divine, heavenly incense. Where can it come from but from the Lamb in the Throne? It is His prayers for us. This is added to the incense of the saints and then, "the smoke went up before God." What is this but the sacrifice of a sweet savour offered up "through Him"—continually: (Heb. 13: 15)? How our hearts swell with gratitude that it is His prayer that reaches the Throne! What a joy to think that we can always point to His prayers. No wonder our prayers are transformed into praises. No prayer-life thus becomes a praise-life so that we praise without ceasing as naturally as we pray without ceasing.

"Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth Me and prepareth a way that I may show him the salvation of God." Ps. 50: 23 (M).

"Let the people praise Thee, O God,
Let all the people praise Thee."
And the result? World-wide revival!—
"God shall bless us
And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."

—Ps. 67: 5-7.

Yes praise glorifies God. Praise is the atmosphere of heaven and leaves Him free to work in all His power, but it is the adoring praise which bows us down to the ground as Elijah of old when he heard "the sound of abundance of rain."

It is the humble, emptied attitude of one who has been crucified with Christ and vitally connected with Him in His death. Such a soul God finds ready to be His temple. "I dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Why does God dwell in such hearts? For the sake of Revival!

"To revive the spirit of the humble and, to revive the spirit (hearts) of the contrite ones"!

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**AKOLA ORPHANAGE**

**O. LAPP**

**THE FEELINGS OF THE ORPHANS AND THEIR PROGRESS.**

Some people are wanting to know whether the children in the orphanage are feeling at home or whether they are mourning the lack of a real home. Others are asking how the boys are progressing spiritually. I will tell a little about the orphans' feelings and what the Lord is doing among us.

One day I was conversing with one of the boys who has been about ten years in the orphanage. In the course of our conversation I asked him about his home and parents. Then he told me his story, something like this:

"I remember little about my home. My father ran away, left me and my mother starving. Then soon after, my mother died and I came to this Mission for refuge, being about seven years of age. The orphanage has been my home since, and I love it. Still I have had feeling and longing in my heart for a real home."

Furthermore he said, "I know my own home people could not have done for me as much as has been done for me in the orphanage, but I cannot help feeling this way."

I have taken this boy's testimony as an example of the general feeling among the orphans who remember their homes and parents. The children which were brought to us too young to know and remember anything about their parents have no longing for any other home than the orphanage. An incident will make clear their love for this their home.

Last year the latter rain failed us therefore the fields were powerless to produce the necessary food for the cattle. And we were unable to keep our cattle on bought grass. For this reason we decided to send our buffaloes up to the jungle eighty miles from here. Now, when one of the boys began to make ready for the journey he was quite happy, but when he came to leave the home he began to cry, and cried six miles of the journey and then six miles back again. There was no alternative for him but to start afresh.
days later I hired a man to look after the cattle there and called the boy home. He started at once on foot (there is no R.R.) and walked eighty miles in two days. Surely he was home-sick.

The second question was about spiritual progress. It is understood that before the progress there must be the beginning. Seed first and then blade. Mr. and Mrs. Moyser have faithfully sown the seed and they also have seen some progress where the seed has taken root in some hearts and lives in the orphanage.

Since the last sabha (convention) in Akola there has come a new awakening among us. The Lord began to work there and wonderfully changed the lives of five boys but the work is still going on. Children of seven or eight years of age are under deep conviction of sin, confessing their sins, asking forgiveness from one another, and crying for mercy. In this way the Lord has saved some of the hardest cases.

One thing is very noticeable in all the work, that is, when a boy's burden of sin has been removed and his heart cleansed he is entrusted with a burden of prayer for somebody. And at times the burden is so great that the boy is prostrated and agonizes under it till some one or other helps him in prayer to get an answer or until the thing is prayed through as some say.

One night about one o'clock a boy was wakened up with a message to a young Mohammedan who has not openly confessed Christ. He called, "Ebrahim, get up. The Lord has a message for you." Ebrahim obeyed him at once, sat near him and listened for two hours, while the other preached repentance in a given tongue, that the Mohammedan could understand perfectly. So in this way they have messages for one another. And it is wonderful that those for whom the messages are, are unable to resist them or to refuse to hear them.

Some boys have had visions of the cross and of the Christ. One boy saw that Christ was standing above a ball of fire with a sifting-fan in His hand and was sifting chaff out of the grain. He stored the grain but the chaff fell into the burning ball of fire.

Then he saw underneath the burning ball, words like this, "Behold, I come, I come quickly." Then he saw Jesus coming to him with a crown in His hand, and He said, "This crown is for you, be faithful; win your own crown: let not others take it from you."

At present five boys are praying the Lord to make them ready for His work. They expect to enter the Bible Training School as soon as they are on far enough in their secular studies.

We have several boys yet who have not opened their hearts for the Lord, so keep on praying for them and for us all.

More about revival
S. P. Hamilton

A good deal has been written, of late, about the Lord's working at Dholka and so there is not much more to be said. However, there are a few gleanings which may be of interest to you. The Spirit began working first among the missionaries, then among the young men in the Training School and then among the boys in the Orphanage. Never have we seen the power of God so manifest. From the first there was a deep spirit of conviction among the boys and this was soon made manifest as they began to confess things that were wrong in their lives and to make restitution. For days we could do little else but remain in the office and listen to the confessions and pray with the boys. I shall never forget how God met us in that place. My office table was kept laden down with the things returned, such as books, pencils, pens, thread, buttons, dishes, cups, locks, keys, knives, spoons, clothes, etc.

Sometimes, the same boys would appear several times to confess things that the Spirit would bring to their minds. Two boys had stolen things from a shopkeeper in the town and after confessing it to me they returned the articles and asked his pardon.

One boy had been such a thief that the boys of his room had asked me a few weeks previously to have him removed as he was constantly stealing things from them. He was so clever at it that he could not be caught. The Spirit brought him under deep conviction and oh the things he confessed to having done! He brought back several things which he had stolen and then he began to make things right with the boys whom he had wronged.
ran short and he came and asked me to buy his turban, saying that he wished to pay up the boys whom he had wronged. I took the turban and he took the proceeds and paid up his debts. He felt he could better

**AFFORD TO GO BAREHEADED**

than carry about a guilty conscience. He has since been filled with the Spirit and such a transformation I have never seen. Several boys have been baptized in the Spirit and are speaking in tongues and a few have received the gift of interpretation. Last Sunday fourteen boys were baptized and before the service I asked them to come to the office for prayer. Among those who came in was a little lad of about six, the son of one of our workers. Calling him by name I said, "Do you wish to be baptized?" and instantly one of the boys about ten years of age turned around and began to address him in an unknown tongue. Another boy who has received the gift of interpretation said, "The Spirit says you are not to be baptized to-day." It was all done so sweetly and so naturally that our hearts were filled with praise to God for revealing Himself in such a wonderful way in those little lives. The next day we learned that the little lad had asked for baptism thinking it would also bring to him the gift of tongues. What a treat it would be for those who have been supporting our boys to be able to attend one of our meetings and witness the spirit of praise and worship among them. I feel sure it would amply repay them for all the sacrifices they have made in their behalf.

**NOTES FROM BULDANA**

By O. Dinham

**YESTERDAY** I visited a village to which I had not been before. A few men were standing close by the village well, and recognizing who I was, they treated me with great coldness.

The spirit shown was such as to make one feel like turning away in despair, but I had travelled five miles to get to them and did not feel like leaving until I had done all in my power to get them to listen to the Gospel Message. At first it seemed like talking to a stone wall, but one after another came until we had a gathering of about thirty, and gradually they seemingly became very interested, and their coldness turned into warmth, and we had a meeting that caused my heart to rejoice. They spoke many encouraging words, and bought three Gospels that they might look further into the matter for themselves.

Praise the Lord, all is not dark. While living at Daryapur, we helped a poor old man who was suffering from plague, and dying by the roadside for the want of a little care. We took him to Akola a few months later, and asked some friends, in writing, to pray for his conversion. A few weeks ago there were three souls baptized in Akola, and that dear old man was one of them. Hallelujah, and again I say rejoice, for this another brand snatched from the burning.

**CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE**

Mrs. Wm. J. Ramsey

"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

This promise comes to mind to-day in a new way. One sees it fulfilled literally even in India, as the farmers come and go along the roads with plough or reaping-hook, as the case may be. They are an incentive to one another and no doubt, often the careless husbandman is spurred on by some more industrious neighbour.

The missionary's seasons come and go too. Excepting the inward call, the "Woe is me," the commission to "go and tell them," there is nothing to spur him on. Oh yes, I remember there is the idol-temple bell a-ringing early every morning, and the idolatrous, wicked lives of the people all around. But then, all of that is negative, just the need, and for the most part the unconscious need. The missionary could get used to it all. Another sowing season is ended. When it began there was the pulling both ways. To stay in the station—then the women out in the district would have no chance to hear. To go there the work in the station would suffer. Oh, for more missionaries!

Weeks of blessed toil, both out and in, and the last morning has come. A final visit to the patel's yard and we are off, for the cloud is moving station-ward. Reluctantly we leave that town. It had been a battle every day but our Captain had led us on. A couple of weeks before we women-folk had arrived about eleven A.M., expecting to find the men

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Editorials

Christ Jesus . . . . is made unto us wisdom. 1 Cor. 1:30.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned. 1 Cor. 2:14.

It takes most of us, perhaps all of us, a long time to learn that the wisdom of man is foolishness with God. We are quick to think our opinion of things in general and in particular, even if some of us are cautious enough not to express at once what we think. God is very patient with us and spares no pains to impress upon our hearts the truth of the above texts. How very often we have to admit to Him, in our hearts, that we have been mistaken about some matter in which we thought we were wise. It is not only true that "the preaching of the Cross is foolishness to them that perish," but those who have found it "the power of God unto salvation" have still to learn at each new step in the life received from above, that no natural wisdom can discern spiritual truth. In fact, the very simplest spiritual truths are utterly incomprehensible to the highest intellectual wisdom. We would make more rapid progress in God's school for us if we would be more simple and dependent—if we would more constantly recognize that we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves. All "our sufficiency is of God." And His wisdom is as food to our hearts. It "builds up" and will make us of full stature and mature—Christ-like.

Then the wisdom of God must ever be received on the plane of the supernatural. Having begun in the Spirit we must continue there to the very end. Many, very many, fail to do this and the fact that they fail here accounts for much of the spiritual weakness and sickness that prevails in the church of Christ in the world. It is very easy to descend from the plane of the supernatural or spiritual to that which is carnal, and many who have made a good degree of progress in the things which are of God are often found in the error of trying to continue by using the wisdom that is merely natural. When we do this we are in danger of being misled ourselves and in danger of misjudging others who are led by the Spirit of God.

The writer once learned a lesson on this line that he has never forgotten and he now passes it on, with the hope that others may be helped by it. He had been hearing, for some time, the simple testimony of some humble followers of Christ who had newly come into deeper experiences of God's love and power in their lives. They spoke of higher things than he knew anything about and to him their testimony seemed provokingly egotistic and even boastful. By looking critically at their lives he saw things that seemed inconsistent with their profession. However, these friends were praying in secret for him that God would lead him into the experience that they themselves enjoyed—an experience entirely in keeping with the Word of God but beyond his comprehension then, because he was trying to understand it by a process of natural reasoning, while the experience itself was only to be obtained by being sought in the realm of the supernatural. God answered the prayers of these faithful friends and the heart of the critic and fault-finder was made very hungry for righteousness (Matt. 5:6). Immediately his eyes were turned to Jesus, he forgot to criticise the others, and the Holy Spirit showed him the need of his own heart and led him out into a larger realm of life. Then he listened to the testimony of the same friends and listened with delight. Their words were much the same as before but he understood them now and his heart comprehended. Christ Jesus had become to him wisdom in a new sense and he could look back and see how blind mere reason had made him before. There, too, he could look with real charity upon the "inconsistencies" he had seen before, and found that most of them had no real existence—they had been in himself and when he got right with God his friends were right too.

The Revival movement that has appeared in the Church within the past few years has excited much criticism and many have been the warnings written against it. Like every awakening within the body of Christ it has been attended by manifestations. Some of these have very plainly been of the enemy and others have been of such a character that it has been hard to distinguish their source. We cannot speak too highly of the words of
caution that have been given in a really loving spirit and which leave room for all honest and hungry ones to go on to know God in the new way in which He is evidently revealing Himself. However, much that has been spoken against the manifestations that have attended this Revival has been hasty and unwise, to say the least. Many have passed judgment from the mere hear-say of others and of course have got a perverted view of the matter themselves and have given others a still more perverted view. Because things are coming to pass that were never heard of in our time before, is in itself no evidence whatever that they are not of God. Some who criticise and cry down what has been called the "tongue movement" are saying, "To the law and to the testimony," Is. 8:20, as if it were a foregone conclusion that it will be found to be all on their side. Yes, by all means, let us turn to the unfalling and unerring Word of God, but as we turn there let us be sure our minds are not biassed by prejudices or by an unwholesome conservatism. And let us be sure, too, that as we turn there we are depending—really depending—on the Lord Jesus to be wisdom to us.

No one, so far as we have heard, denies the fact that there are extravagances in connection with the Revival. But this is only what might be expected in any revival. Satan is ever seeking whom he may devour and he is never more ravenous than when there is immanent danger of the overthrow of his kingdom. One thing is sure he is not in the business of saving souls; and he is not helping God's children to live victorious lives: neither does he want Christ's reign on earth to begin soon; nor does he want the blood of Jesus to be honoured in any position to judge of the right or wrong way of others. With a sincere and open heart let us seek for all the fulness of God. He will clear our judgment and lead us in the way everlasting.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE
(Continued from page 137.)

If God has put a hunger in our hearts for a deeper revelation of Himself and a fulness of His love and power such as we have not known, let us honour Him by letting Him satisfy that hunger. And while we keep our eyes unto Jesus we will be safe from Satan's counterfeits. We must not make the mistake of taking men for our examples. It is possible for those who have been baptized with the fulness and power of the Holy Spirit to afterwards fall into error. They do not through such an experience become infallible. If some fail and do strange and even sinful things it is not an evidence that the experience received before was not of God. The surest and only way of safety is sincerely to seek to know the Lord in all the fulness He has for us, whatever He may choose to give. If our hearts are governed by prejudice we are not in any position to judge of the right or wrong way of others. With a sincere and open heart let us seek for all the fulness of God. He will clear our judgment and lead us in the way everlasting.

THE FORMIDABLE STONE STEPS

and carts, at least, on the scene. But the "well laid plans of men" had gone "agley" once more. And we sat down in the mango grove with some degree of hope. Hours passed and that hope seemed deferred. We were hungry too. Somebody had told me that patels were obliged to supply travellers with food. So leaving the others (Mrs. Moodie and Jean), I wended my way over the cotton field to search for milk at least. Very modestly did I mount
came, so tired and hot. He had walked across country so as to relieve our minds, after seeing our belongings started off. The men with carts had, as usual disappointed &c. &c.  

After a few days the man came to return the money for the bread and to apologize for his rudeness. His father came one evening, and sat down by the tent. He listened till we were tired talking and as he left, looked me in the face and said, "Truly, is this the story you go about telling the people? I have now heard with my own ears, and there is no evil in you nor in the story, such as has been told me there was." It was always hard to get an audience, but prayer conquered, and because of the persistence that God had put within us, many heard as for eternity. An account of each separate meeting would be interesting, were there time and space. Another little episode. It is the last evening and we are resting and praying under a tree near a well. A “woman” came, presumably to draw water. She beckoned us to come. “Samaria” was the word that flashed across both our minds. Shy and embarrassed, after a big effort, she asked, "Do you ever take anybody with you to any place?" Then it was easy to draw out her story. Our hearts went up to the Blessed One who gives the “living water,” that “rivers” might flow from us to her. Tenderly did we tell the Story of Love, with oh, such yearning over that precious soul who was longing to be freed from a life of sin! We dare not take her, but we did tell her she would find a welcome any time she would come to us. We pray for her. Help us. We found Mr. Ramsey with a most interested crowd of high-caste men, who sat till far on in the evening.  

Yes, the sowing season is ended there for this time. The next step brings us face to face with our dear workers gathered at Akola for Summer School. The contrast is of course very marked for these are learning that the Word of God has Life in it. It has cost them much to do real study but those who did it acknowledge that they are well repaid. The little time spent with them meant real blessing and refreshing. Praise be to our God! Amen and Amen.  

I may not close without a word of personal testimony to our Jehovah-rophi. Much might I say, even for this one cold season, but will be brief. One morning in communion with Him whom my soul loveth, thinking of “tongues,” I said, “Lord I’ll praise Thee with this tongue any way.” Not long after, a hoarseness came on, so that the praise was more like croaking, but it wasn’t so inside. The enemy may have taken note of the little word whispered to God. It seemed as if talking to a crowd were out of the question. Still, there we were, day after day facing women, and men, who possibly would never hear again. When my turn came, saying, “Pray, Mrs. Moodie,” I opened my mouth, and I cannot describe the rest. A wonder to myself. Throat clear and heart filled to overflowing. But then you dear ones may not understand all that it means to sit down with an audience such as ours would be.  

You can pray, though. God has called “up higher” one who told me that our names were mentioned every day by himself to our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. There are others who are still left to pray, and they do. For those and with them we praise Him. But are there not some on whom a portion at least of our beloved Dr. Wilson’s mantle might fall for this ministry?  

―Thou wilt show me, mighty Father,  
Step by step the wondrous way;  
Side by side, through Time’s long twilight,  
Press we to the dawning day!  
  "Side by side, we know not whither,  
But with Whom we know full well;  
Side by side, henceforth for ever  
With Thee veiled Immanuel."

WAYSIDE SOWING—A SKETCH  
BY MRS. HERBERT PEGG  

A DAY in June! In England bright sunshine or light summer rain; the hay gathered into sweet-smelling stacks; fields of barley rippling in the breeze; long cool evenings for resting amidst the slowly lengthening shadows; the soft note of the wood-pigeon cooing good-night; the movement of cows in the comfortable sheds, and the village children, sunburnt and healthy, eating their suppers and going to bed.  

But what in India? The southward-bound mail-train from Bombay has climbed for moonlit hours through the mountain defiles and valleys of the Western Ghauts. Waterfalls, precipices, chasms, tiger-haunted jungles do not concern the southward-bound mail,
though many a delighted traveller nightly abandons all thought of sleep to watch the mysterious beauty of the lonely hills.

Now the day is dawning, and in every way-side station forms that have been stretched at full length, covered head and all in one long sheet, shake themselves and re-tie their loin cloths and wind their nightly covering into its day appearance, a turban, which is then settled comfortably on its owner’s head. There is a water-tap in the station, handy for ablutions, and a neenz-tree sends its day appearance, a turban, which is then settled comfortably on its owner’s head. Ramaswamy the servant produces areca nuts and betel leaves. It is of no use to offer them politely to his companions, he would only be snubbed, so he enjoys them placidly by himself. This is a signal to the others to break their fast, and bundles are opened and chupatties and bread and plantains are produced, or a little cold rice left over from last evening’s meal.

“And so, Derzi-ji, you convinced that Christian thief of his errors, did you?” said Ramaswamy, recollecting a little of the night’s conversation. The tailor swallowed another handful of rice at a gulp, delighted to be called upon to talk, and turned to his questioner with a bland smile.

“It was quite easy,” he replied. “The Christian said that demons had been driven off the earth by his gods, and that all our gods had gone with them if we only knew it. I asked him to come to my house that evening to continue our talk, and the road runs near a tope where Hanuman’s temple is. The trees make it dark at nightfall. I knew the Lord Hanuman could defend himself, and we laughed when we saw the Christian running away. Ha, ha!”

“What frightened him?” asked a voice from the other end of the compartment.

“Why, Hanuman’s servants, of course. The tope is theirs, and unbelievers should think twice before intruding. Ha, ha!”

The engine whistled and the train slackened speed and ran into a station. The usual noise and bustle recommenced. More and more passengers pressed into the already crowded carriages. Hot, dusty, perspiring, but very happy, the rest made room good-naturedly, and eyed the new-comers with interest. A young man neatly dressed in white was seeing his wife and child into the compartment reserved for women. The windows were closed, making the air, stifling everywhere, almost unbearable within, but Mary expected it, because Moslem ladies and high-caste Hindu girls are kept in strict seclusion. The occupants watched her with a languid curiosity and disdain, and moved slightly to give the child room. She had to go to the carriage door to speak to her husband once more.

“We are all right here. Jump in quickly; the train will go,” she said. “Don’t forget the plantains for Nessa.”

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* Water, water, milk, milk, bread, bread.

* Unleavened cakes.

† The monkey-god.

‡ Grace.
"All right, Ama; my carriage is behind yours. Good-by.e."

Samuel jumped in as the guard passed along, slamming doors and blowing his whistle.

"By Hanuman's tail, it's himself," gasped the tailor, trying to avoid Samuel's eye and pretending to settle himself to sleep.

The new-comer sat down and pushed of his modest bundle under the seat. He took off his round student's cap and put it on again, carefully hiding the forelock which would have curled over his forehead, and began to take stock of his companions. Turbans had been discarded and the high shaven heads were shiny with heat. The Muhammadan had put on a red fez. The derzi shook out his hudami, the tuft of hair left growing behind, rather nervously, and relooping it shut his eyes with a yawn.

"Salaam, salaam, Derzi-ji—well met. Are you in good health?" exclaimed Samuel heartily when his glance fell on the reluctant tailor.

"Salaam, sir, salaam; but surely you mistake me for some one else. I do not remember to have seen you before."

"Why, Derzi-ji, have you forgotten so soon? This is no doubt modesty. A benefactor does not so soon forget one who is beholden to him, and did you not allow me to rest on the pyafo of your house overlooking Hanuman's tope and temple? Have you had leisure to read the books that you so generously bought from me on that occasion?"

Chandra Lal, fairly caught, rose to the occasion. "Now memory returns to me," he said; "and how is your health?"

The other occupants of the carriage turned amused eyes on Samuel. This was the man who ran, or else it was the man who did not run, but who, instead, persuaded the tailor to buy his books. What a fortunate incident to beguile the hours of a long journey. Sheikh Ahmad, the Moslem, felt under the seat for his hookah, and, having kindled the charcoal embers in the little bowl at the top, drew in the sweet smoke through the long twisted tube, the water inside gurgling with a soft bubble-bubble.

"Are you a Christian?" he said to Samuel.
"Yes, sahib."

* Veranda.

"How old are you?"
"Twenty-seven."

"What is your occupation, and what salary do you get, and what is your country?"

These questions were so natural, there was no impertinence in them. Samuel answered simply that he was a Tamil from the south, and his occupation was to sell books for a society. He had at one time been a school-master, and after that a clerk in a Government office, but he preferred his present post and liked selling books.

"What books did you buy, Derzi-ji, and did you read them through?" asked Ramaswamy.

The derzi was asleep, but Samuel answered:

"I sold in my town many portions of the Holy Scriptures. Each book is called 'Good News,' for indeed it is good news, is it not, that we have a Friend who loves us and who gave His life that we might be saved from sin and slavery? His life for ours, than that there is no greater love."

"Who is this friend?" asked a voice.

"The Lord Jesus Christ," said Samuel simply. "He was the Son of God, yet He became a man and lived on this earth and gave up this earthly life in sacrifice. He is our Friend."

Sheikh Ahmad looked around. Was it worth while to argue with an infidel in the company of infidels? He seemed to think not, and continued to smoke.

The Yogi, who hitherto had seemed absorbed in his own thoughts or meditations, stirred in his seat and turned slow eyes upon the speaker. They were mysterious eyes. They seemed to see visions hidden by the light.

"Ram came to this earth," he said. "He became a son of man, and so did many other of the gods. This world was their playground. They knew the secrets of both worlds, but they never gave their lives for mankind. Hear, O listeners, this youth is young. He is a child. I am old, and I have lived in holy Kashi. One man cannot save another. Each must go his own way. The

* To a Moslem every one who does not obey the prophet Muhammad is an infidel.
† Benares.
good a man does goes with him. The evil that he does goes with him also, round after round, age after age; but the holy rivers and the sacred shrines are left to us by the kindness of the gods, and a man must work out his own salvation."

"It is true," nodded the company.

The Moslem again looked round. But Hindu errors did not disturb him in the same way. Moslems can tolerate heathen, but not Christians, although they consider the former to be in greater darkness of error.

"I prefer the teaching in our Bible myself," said the colporteur quietly, and unfastening his package of books he handed them about the compartment for inspection. Those who could read took them willingly enough, not averse to showing off their powers in public. Samuel sat still, silently praying that the Light might enter darkened hearts.

The train sped on. The day grew hotter. The stifling hot winds of the Deccan bore clouds of dust and sand in upon them. Nothing could be seen from the windows save mile after mile of baked, parched, yellow earth. Here and there on isolated rocks were perched the ruins of fortresses, with perhaps a cluster of mud huts at their base. Palm trees, aloes, and cactus; cactus, aloes, and palms, these alone varied the scene. At every station the people appeared to be more picturesque, for the subjects of the Nizam of Hyderabad are very little affected by European imports, and many still wear weapons. Quaint daggers and curved swords and a swagger suit their picturesque attire. A swash-buckler with a fierce moustache and full beard entered the compartment, and way was very quickly made for him. The tailor edged nervously away. The Yogi took no notice.

"Salaam, my friends," he said in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! is this a school that you are all reading books?"

Some one handed one over to him, a copy in Urdu, his own language, and he held it demurely upside down for a full second, for this honest man could not read.

"I will take it with me," he said, putting it in a capacious pocket. "Is there aught to pay?"

"Two annas, sahib," said Samuel, and the money changed hands.

"My son is a learned youth, he will read it. But what is it all about?"

"It is the Injeel of the Lord Jesus Christ," said Samuel. "I am a book-seller and sell these."

"Then my son shall not read it. Here, take it back, Christian. I have naught to do with Injeels that are altered and re-altered and written differently year after year; infidel rubbish that Moslems should spit upon. Show me the Injeel which Gabriel gave to Isa Nabi.† But you cannot. It has been destroyed, and these counterfeits sent out instead."

"Pardon me, but it is not so," said the colporteur. "The Injeel did not come in the way that you hold your Qur'an came. The disciples of our Lord, as they were prompted by the Holy Spirit, wrote down in order His words and deeds, so that His life should be remembered and known after they had passed away."

"But you are always having new Injeels." The Moslem would have continued the discussion, but just then a station was reached and Samuel, with many apologies, jumped out to buy plantains for his little girl. What happened to this little company and to Mary and the child Nessa, and the ladies in her compartment, with their flashing jewels and scented hair, must be related in another chapter.—The Bible in the World.

† Jesus, the Prophet.

Meditations while at Ashapur

O'er the fields the sun is shining
With a warm and radiant glow;
Symbol of the love our Father
On His children doth bestow.

Birds are singing in the hedges,
Doves are cooing to their mates.

What a scene of peace is given:
What of rest that scene relates!

Cotton growing in the farm-fields,
Plots of wheat—a wealth of green,
Pomegranates in the garden,—

What can all this bounty mean?
Roses bloom and shed their fragrance
On the balmy Indian air;

While to eyes that seek for beauty,
She is present ev'rywhere.

Listen to the song of Nature,
As she sings her Maker's praise;

Listen, aye, and as you listen—
Charmed—with her voices raise;

Raise in worship to the Father,
THE INDIA ALLIANCE.

Who hath all these bounties giv'n,
Tell the story of His goodness
Till 'tis known in earth and heav'n.

Glory be to God, the Father,
Glory be to God, the Son,
Glory be to God, the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One!
Praise Him: laud Him: give Him homage!
All Creation, praise your King,
Men and Angels, earth and Heav'n,
All unite His praise to sing.

Lord of all, of all the highest!
Crown'd with glory, might and power;
Still He thinketh of His creatures,
Meets their need each passing hour,
Sheds abroad His love upon them,
Folds them closely to His breast;
To the weak ones, strength He giveth,
To the weary, peaceful rest.

Hungry ones He freely feedeth,
Naked ones He clothes and warms:
He is ever round about us,
Keeping us from all earth's storms.

Surely all must give Him homage.
Who could e'er His love disdain?
For the answer, list to Nature,
As she sings a song again.

See the cactus and the thorn tree,
Watch the serpent subtle glide—
Evil, scattered far and wide.
List again to Nature's story,
Sung in strains of mournful tone,
Hear her tell of man's rejection Of the love our God hath shown.
Angels hide with shame their faces,
All creation groans in pain—
Oh that man would turn repentant,
To the Father's House again!

Hark! above creation's story
Of sad sin and awful shame;
E'en above the joyful anthem
To Jehovah's glorious name,
Swells a song of wondrous beauty,
With a rhythm soft and sweet,
Telling of our blessed Saviour—
O'er and o'er that tale repeat.

Tho' mankind had sorely wandered,
Far away from God and Light,
Still the Father loved His children,
And, to win them back from night,
Jesus came to die to save them—
Woo them to His Father's heart;
Paid the price their souls to ransom—
Can we longer stand apart?

Can such love be giv'n unheeded,
Dare we scorn Heav'n's sacrifice;
Shall we longer fail to own Him,
Who hath paid so great a price?
Nay! we yield in fond surrender
To our Saviour, Lord and King;
And, to Him, above all others,
We our loyal homage bring.

Jesus, Saviour, Friend, Redeemer,
As we bow low at Thy feet,
Grant us each this benediction—
Fill us with Thy presence sweet.
So possess us, fill, control us,
That we all Thy will may do;
And as witnesses and servants,
May'st Thou ever find us true.

—"Atom."

Items

The farmers are waiting for rain and expect heaven to pour down floods to slake the thirst of the dry and thirsty land. May God give us hearts to claim His promise of floods of spiritual rain for the thirsty millions of souls about us.

Because of broken health, Mr. Greengrass, accompanied by his wife, sailed for home on the twenty-third of May. We are sorry to lose them from our midst but our brother's condition was such that a complete change was necessary. If it be the Lord's will, we shall be glad to see them return after they have had a good rest.

Brother A. C. Snead has had serious trouble with his lungs within the past month and we bespeak for him the prayers of all who know the worth of prayer.

The blessing of the Lord continues with us and a number have lately come into new joy. God is gracious and we may expect great things from Him in these days.

"Put prayer in the middle of your life and group the other good things round it."

Pray for the faith that will bring fulfilment of promise to the hungry and thirsty ones; for power that for Jesus' glory will make such witness-bearing as will break heathen hearts and bring "other sheep" to the Good Shepherd; for love in your heart that will keep you from all criticism that is harmful; and for the oneness (Jno. 17) that satisfies the heart of Jesus.
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